Sam: Burton.

A Nevv Letter of

NOTABLE CONTENTS.

With a straunge Sonet, intituled

GORGON,

Or the wonderfull yeare.

LONDON
Printed by Iohn Wolfe,
1593.

J. Lutton

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With a strange Sonet, intituled

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Or the wonderfull yeare.

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Printed by Iohn Wolfe,

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TO MY LOVING FRIEND, IOHN *Wolfe, Printer to the Cittie.*

Mr. Wolfe, *Good Newes* was euer a welcome gueſt vnto me: and you do well in the current of your buſineſſe, to remember the Italian Prouerbe; *Good Tidings* would be diſpatched to ride poſt, as *Ill Tidings* may haue good leaue to be a footeman. The nimbleſt *Bee* is a ſlowworme in expeditions of importance, or cõgratulation: & the dulleſt *Snaile* the meeteſt Ambaſſadour to be employed in meſſages of damage, or condolement. You haue lately, (as appeareth by your Indices of the ſickneſſe, and ſo many other Nouels) very tidely playde the Bees part: and ſo continue, as you loue me, or your ſelfe: vnto whom I wiſh a rich hiue, and many hony-moones. Since I receaued *Parthenophil*, *Shores wife*, and the *Articles* of accorde, or truce in Fraunce, (for which I render you as many thankes, as there be Articles): I haue now alſo this inſtant of September, peruſed your queint, and cunning Diſcourſe of *Remonſtrances* to the *Duke de Maine*: with that other new-new Pamflet of the late Turkiſh aſſiege of *Syſſeck in Croatia*, the old *Liburnia*, famous for ſeruiceable Shippes. And take no leſſe pleaſure in the ſounde Declaration of the plaine Germane, a credible Hiſtoriographer, then delight in the ſly Information of the fine French, a glicking Remembrancer. It is not the externall, but the *internall forme*, (call it the Pith, or the marrow, or the life-bloud, or what you liſt)

that edifieth: and vndoubtedly the Christian world hath pregnant cause to prostrate the feruentest Zeale of their deuotions to his almighty maiesty, that hath brought *France*, and *Croatia* to those termes of Truce, and Triumph. A happy *Truce*, if a happy truce: and an honorable *Triumph*, if durable. I say, *If*, and *If*, bicause I haue knowne many a *Truce*, like Scammony, that weakeneth the liuer; or Cassia, that enfeebleth the raines; or Agarick, that ouerthroweth the stomacke; the stomacke, that must worke the feate. And who hath not either by Experience, or by heare-say, or by reading, knowne many a *Triumph*, like Sena, that breedeth winde; or Rubarbe, that dryeth ouer-much; or Euforbium, that inflameth the whole body; the body, that must strike the stroake: Take-away that ouerthrowing, or weakening property from *Truce*: and *Truce* may be a diuine Scammony, Cassia, or Agaricke, to purge noysome, and rebellious humours. Oh that it might be such a Purge in Fraunce. Correct that ventositie, or inflammation, that accompanieth Triumph: and Lo the gallantest Phisique, that nature hath affourded, witt deuised, or magnanimity practised, to abate the pride of the enemy, and to redouble the courage of the frende, No Tobacco, or Panacea so mightily vertuous, as that Physique. Oh that it might be such a Physique in Croatia, in Hungary, in Almany, in the whole Christian world. *Immensum calcar Gloria*: the golde spurre of the braue Grecian, & the worthy Romane. *Pollicy* is Politique: & will not easely be coosened with the muske of the Perfumer, though muske be a sweet Curtesan; or allured with the sugar, & hony of the Cooke, though sugar, & hony be dainty hypocrites; or enueigled with the gold-leaues of the Goldsmith, though gold-leaues be eloquēt & bewitching Oratours; or deluded, that is, betrayed with

any

any coolerable counterfeſance, howſoeuer ſmoothly enticing, or glorioufly pretending. Priuate medicines are often adulcrate: but publique medicines will admit no ſophiſtication: and Pollicy muſt be well-aduiſed, before it ſwallow-downe the gilded pilles of flattering pretext. Fraunce hath bene taught to be cautelous in *Truce*; which hath eftſoones ſucked the ſweetneſſe of a *Iudas kiſſe*: and Croatia may learne to be prouident in *Triumph*; which hath often fealt the ioyfulneſſe of a *Sampſons poſt*. Neither Fraunce can be too ielous; nor Croatia too preſt; nor Hungary too fierce; nor Almany too hardy; nor any nation too circumſpect, that is beleaguered with ſuch puiſſant, and obſtinate foes. The houſe of *Guiſe* hath lõg hawked and practiſed for a great Crowne: the Duke de *Maine* hath chopped vpõ a main-chãce: Opportunity is a maruelous warriour: The king of *Spaine* a mighty enemy: the *Pope*, an vnreconcilable aduerſary to a Proteſtant Prince: the *Turke* a horrible foe to Chriſtian ſtates; and not to be daunted, or diſmayed with two, or three petty foiles. *Petty foiles* incenſe choler, & enrage fury; not allay courage, or diſarme power. Were not man a man in himſelfe, and God aboue all; alas, what ſecurity in a fallible *Truce*: or what repoſe in a mometany *Triumph*? Yet euery *Truce* is reſpectiuely wellcome: and euery *Triumph* a Pageant of manfull valour, & a Iubile of diuine fauour. For my poore part, (a ſingle Intereſt in ſo great affaires) I am as affectionatly glad to find Victory on the better ſide, as I haue often bene compaſſionatly ſory, (or ſhall I ſay: ſtomachouſly angry), to read how pitteouſly the Chriſtian hoaſt hath bene beaten by the Turkiſh Army, a braue Army, but Turkiſh. Whoſe puiſſance hath long bene, and ſtill is the diſhonour of Chriſtendome; and whoſe Empire cannot waxe, according to their aſpiring

deſeigne, but Chriſtes kingdome muſt wane, according to ſome lamentable Examples. Surely the Onely-wiſe (for whoſoeuer is comparatiuely wiſe, He is abſolutely wiſe) ordaineth all for the beſt: and they periſh for, or thorough their *owne Folly*, that periſh. Homer in humanity hath affirmed it: and the Bible in diuinity hath confirmed it. Howbeit true *Wiſedome* is valiant in aduerſity: and right *Valiancy* wiſe in proſperity: both euer like themſelues, and vnlike the puffes, or bubbles of the world; that know how to diſguiſe, or afflict, but not how to redreſſe, or ſolace themſelues. *Hope* neuer diſpaireth: and no ſuch reſolution, as the reſolution of *Faith*: a vertue of more wonderfull emprouement by thouſandes, then the moſt miraculous graine of muſtard-ſeede; or whatſoeuer *Nature* ingendreth, *Art* frameth, or *Exerciſe* atcheiueth moſt powerable. *Zeale* hath bene, & may be a maruellous Conquerour, euen beyond the braueſt *Confidence*, or fierceſt *Fury*: and *Faith* was euer the wōder of wonders, where it was. Chriſt fauoureth a ſtout, and inuincible *Conſtancy* in any good cauſe: and in his owne cauſe, (maugre the maineſt forces, or ſuttleſt Pollicies of Mahomet, or the Diuell,) he will finally make them victorious, with *Triumphes* of ioy, and *Trophyes* of honour, that fight his battailes with the hart of *Zeale*, and the hand of *Courage*. Who honoureth not the glorious memory, and the very name of the renowned *Lepanto*: the monument of Don Iohn of Auſtria, the ſecurity of the Venetiā ſtate, the Halleluia of Chriſtendome, & the Welaway of Turky? Chriſt bleſſe his ſtādard-bearers, with many *Lepantos*, and *Syſſecks*: and make his *militant* Church, an hoaſt *triumphant*. It hath often bene the meditation of One, that with a politique, and diuine Analyſis, hath looked into the ſucceſſiue proceedings, and fatall ouerthrowes

of

of Tyrannyes: if *Mahomet*, and his *Alcoran* cannot ſtand, but *Chriſt*, & his *Euangely* muſt fall: when the *Great Turke*, continually encroaching, (according to his graund intendiments, and ambitious deſeigne,) is buſieſt in his hoateſt harueſt of engroſing and coheaping kingdomes, and with a moſt greedy appetite runneth headlong to deuoure the Chriſtian world at a bit; Lord haue mercy vpon thee, *ô little-little Turke. Pride* may exalt his hawty preſumptions, and *Proweſſe* aduaunce his terrible brauery: but there is a God in heauen: and they cannot laugh long, that make the Diuell laugh, and Chriſt weepe. Meane-while it were pitty, *Syſſeck* ſhould want the glory of ſuch an immortall Memoriall, as ſome noble, and royall witts haue beſtowed vpon the euer-renowned *Lepanto*. Excellent *Vertue*, for a due reward, deſerueth excellent *Honour*: and braue *Valour*, for worthy imitation, would be brauely extolled: as Orpheus glorified Iaſon; Homer, Achilles; Virgill, Æneas; Arioſto, Charlemaine; Taſſo, Godfry of Bollen; and ſo forth. Eſpecially at ſuch an encountring, and ſurpriſing Time, as muſt either flooriſh, like the Palme of the mountaine; or fade, like the Lilly of the valley.

You know, I am not very prodigall of my diſcourſe with euery one: but I know, vnto whom I write: & he that hath read, and heard ſo many gallant Florentine Diſcourſes, as you haue done, may the better diſceme, what is what: and he that publiſheth ſo many bookes to the world, as you do, may frame vnto himſelfe a priuate, & publique vſe of ſuch conference. Few they are, that are qualified to ſurpaſſe, or equall thoſe ſingular Preſidents: but they few would be reteined with a golden fee, or interteined with ſiluer Curteſie. Some I know in *Cambridge*; ſome in *Oxford*; ſome in *London*; ſome *elſewhere*, died in the pureſt graine of *Art*, &

Exercise: but a few in eithtt, and not many in all: that vndoubtedly can do excellently well, exceedingly well. And were they thorowghly employed according to the possibility of their *Learning*, & *Industry*, who can tell, what comparison this tongue might wage with the most-flourishing Languages of Europe: or what an inestimable crop of most-noble and soueraine fruite, the hand of *Art*, and the spirite of *Emulation* might reape in a rich, and honotable field? Is not the Prose of *Sir Philip Sidney* in his sweet Arcadia, the embrodery of finest *Art*, and daintiest *Witt*? Or is not the Verse of M. *Spencer* in his braue Faery Queene, the Virginall of the diuinest Muses, and gentlest Graces? Both delicate Writers: alwayes gallant, often braue, continually delectable, somtimes admirable. What sweeter tast of Suada, then the Prose of the One: or what pleasanter relish of the Muses, then the Verse of the Other? *Sir Iohn Cheekes* stile was the hony-bee of Plato: and M. *Aschams* Period the Syren of Isocrates. His, and his breath, the balme and spicknard of the delightfullest *Tempe*. You may gesse, whose meter I would intitle the harpe of Orpheus, or the dulcimers of Sappho. And which of the Goldē Riuers floweth more currently, then the siluer streame of the *English Ariosto*? Oh that we had such an *English Tasso*: and oh that the worthy *du Bartas* were so endenisoned. The *sky-coloured Muse* best commendeth her owne heauenly harmony: and who hath sufficiently praysed the hyacinthine & *azure die*, but itselfe? What colours of astonishing *Rhetorique*, or rauishing *Poetry*, more deeply engrained, thē some of his amazing deuises; the fine dittyes of an other *Petrarch*, or the sweet charmes of pure enchantment? What *Dia-margariton*, or *Dia-ambre*, so comfortatiue, or cordiall, as *Her Elegyes of Gemmes*, (for though the furious Tragedy *Antonius*,

nius, be a bloudy chaire of eſtate, yet the diuine *Diſcourſe of life, and Death*, is a reſtoratiue Electuary of Gemmes) who I do not expreſly name, not becauſe I do not honour *Her* with my hart, but becauſe I would not diſhonour *Her* with my pen, whom I admire, and cannot blaſon enough. Some other *Paragons* of bewtifulleſt Eloquence, and *Mirrours* of brighteſt witt, not ſo much for breuities ſake, as for like Honours ſake I ouerskip: whoſe onely imperfection is, that they are touched with no imperfection. Yet *Hope* is a *Tranſcendent*, & will not eaſely be impriſoned, or impounded in any Predicament of auncient, or moderne *Perfection:* which it may honour with due reuerence, but will not ſerue with baſe homage. *Excellency* hath in all ages affected ſingularity: & *Ambition* how impetuouſly buckled for the maſtery? And albeit *witt* haue a quicke ſent, that wil not be cooſened, and *Iudgement* a ſharpe eye, that cannot be bleared: (the Morning Starre of *Diſcretion*, and the Euening Starre of *Experience* haue a deepe inſight in the merites of euery cauſe): yet ſtill *Hope* hath reaſon to continue *Hope*, and is a white Angell ſent from heauen, aſwell to enkindle Vigorous *Zeale*, as to awaken laſie *Slougth*. A wan, or windy Hope, is a notable breake-necke vnto itſelfe: but the grounded, and winged Hope, which I ſomeway perceiue in a few other, no way conceiue in miſelfe, is the aſcending ſcale, and *Milk-way* to heauenly excellency. When I bethinke me of any ſingular, or important *effect*, I am preſently drawne into a conſideration of the *Cauſe*, and deeme it a childiſh vanity, to dreame of the *End*, without *Meanes*. The prompt and pliant *Nature*, is the dawning of the Crimſen morning: the right *Art* as fine a workeman, as Dædalus, & as nimble a Planet, as Mercury: aſpiring *Imitation* may climbe high: how oft hath fiery *Emulation* won the golden

ſpurres,

ſpurres, and runne his Victorious race, like the ſhining Sun in his reſplendiſhing Chariot? Pregnant and inceſſant *Exerciſe* hatcheth miracles. *Practiſe* was euer a curious platformer of rare and queint Theorickes: and is it not ſtil poſſible for Practiſe, to deuiſe as exquiſite patternes, as euer were inuented, and euen to contriue new Idees of ſingularity? The encounter of *Vertue*, is honorable: & what more commendable, then the Conflict of *Art*? It is onely that diuine *Hope*, embelliſhed with thoſe Ornaments of skill, and inſpired with thoſe bleſſings of heauen, that muſt excell itſelfe; & aduaunce the worthieſt *Valour*, that euer atcheiued *Heroicall Exploits*, or leuyed *Argonauticall Prizes*, by land, or ſea. Peereleſſe wittes may hourd-vp the precious treaſure of their *Inuention*, and ſtore-vp the gorgeous furniture of their Eloquence, till *Proweſſe* hath accompliſhed mightier wonders vpon Earth. At this preſent what can Admiration finde, either more reſolute for courage, or more puiſſant for valour, or more honorable for ſucceſſe, or more wõderfull for imitatiõ, thẽ the ſmal bãdes of the braue *Rupertus* againſt the Turke; or the little troupes of the brauer *French King* againſt his domeſticall, and forrein enemyes?

I might ſay more, were the place fit: but what written Token ſhall I returne for ſo many Printed Tokens? One hand waſheth an other: and it apperteineth vnto him, that taketh ſomething, to giue ſomething. I am reaſonably furniſhed with choice of other ſtoare at this inſtant: but I will not accloy you attonce: and my leaſt, but *Neweſt Trifle* (for that is the meeteſt name) ſhall ſerue in ſupply of a ſmall requitall for your greater Newes. I terme it a Trifle for the *manner*: though the *matter* be in my conceit, ſuperexcellent; in the opinion of the world, moſt admirable; for priuate conſideration, very notable; for publique

blique vſe, paſſing memorable; for a point, or two, exceeping monſtrous. And that is the very diſgrace of the *Sonnet*, that the Stile nothing counteruaileth the Subiect, but debaſeth a ſtraunge body with vulgar attire, and diſguiſeth a ſuperlatiue Text with a poſitiue Gloſſe. As it is, it is your owne to diſpoſe, or cancell at pleaſure: and albeit the writer promiſe nothing, (for promiſe he accounteth an Obligation), yet if he fortune to ſurpriſe you with a ſorry amendes, let it not be vnwellcome, that commeth in the name of good-will; and ſuch a good-will, as is leſſe affraide of the Plague, then of Vnthankefulneſſe. He that is deſirous with the firſt, to be cõtinually made acquainted with your publique Intelligences, from, or of whatſoeuer kingdomes, or States; will haue a mutuall regard of frendly correſpondence, by ſome returne of priuate Nouels, or other recompenſe; as any his vacation yeeldeth leyſure, or any his opportunity preſenteth occaſion.

Touching his preſent Exerciſes, or other actions, you know enough, that know why the *Aſſe* ſleepeth, & the *Fox* winketh. Or recall to minde our ſweet Table-philoſophy of the *ſordead Libbard*, a very gentle, and ſilent creature; and you neede no other inckling. Peraduenture ſome-body may finde, that the rougheſt, & awkeſt things are not ſo cũberſome to other, as they may prooue irkeſome to themſelues. There is a learned kinde of *Feare*, that preuenteth many miſchiefes: and they are iudiciouſly wiſe, (howſoeuer valiant, rich, or powerable,) that dare not vſe other otherwiſe, then themſelues would be vſed. Men may ſtand vpon brauing termes, and puffe-vp their owne ſwelling veynes: but when *wilfulneſſe* is in the tide, *Diſcretion* is in the ebbe. Some haue repented them no leſſe, then fower and twenty houers in a day, and a night, for *one frowarde*

word. Suerly a man were better ſhift his footing, then ſtand ſtifly in his owne light: and who would not rather ſay to his Tongue, *Tongue thou art a lyer*; or to his penne, *Penne thou art a foole*; then vndoe himſelfe vtterly, and ſhame himſelfe euerlaſtingly? You might heare of the new *Treaty, or motiue:* and it is not the firſt time that I haue diſcouered a broode of witts, like the famous *well in Idumea*; whoſe water one quarter of the yeare, was as muddy, as the muddieſt kennell: an other quarter, as bloudy, as the bloudieſt ſlaughterhouſe; the third, as greene, as the greeneſt graſſe: the fourth, as cleere, as the cleereſt conduict. Euery exchaunge for the better, doth well: and it is a good ſigne, when pudled waters grow cleere, if they grow cleere; and diſordered wittes become tractable, if they become tractable. Haue they not cauſe to doubt, that know the variable nature of that *Syrian well*: and haue ſeen ſo many dogged things returne to their vomit? *A good bargaine*, and a *gentle Offer* would not be refuſed: but he that cõſidereth the fittes of Aprill, and the panges of September, hath reaſon for a demurrer: and he that hath ſeene as lunatique creatures, as the Moone, muſt be pardoned, though he ſuffer not himſelfe to be cooſened with the legierdemaine of a iugling Conuert. Did I neuer tell you of a grauer man, that wore a priuy coate of interchaungeable colours; and for the Art of Reuolting, or recanting, might read a Lecture to any retrograde Planet in Heauen, or Earth? Is it not poſſible for a wilde *Aſſe* of a fugitiue and renegate diſpoſition, in ſuch a point to reſemble the tameſt *Foxe?* Or are not *Bookes* with vnſtayed readers, and running heads, like vnto thoſe wondrous waters, that being dronke of birdes, as Theophraſtus reporteth, or of ſheepe, as Seneca writeth, chaunged them from white to blacke, and from blacke to white? After

ter a sterne and ruthfull *Tragedy*, solemnely acted, who deeplyer plunged in sober, and melancholy dumpes, then some good fellowes; that from a pleasant, and wanton *Comedy*, finely played, returne as merry as a criket, and as light as a feather? When the sweet Youth haunted *Aretine*, and *Rabelays*, the two monstrous wittes of their languages, who so shaken with the furious feauers of the One: or so attainted with the French Pockes of the other? Now he hath a little mused vpon the *Funerall Teares* of Mary Magdalen; and is egged-on to try the suppleness of his *Pathetically veine*, in weeping the compassionatest and *diuinest Teares*, that euer heauenly Eye rained vpon Earth; Iesu, what a new worke of *Supererogation* haue they atchieued? Riotous *Vanitie* was wont to roote so deeply, that it could hardly be vnrooted: and where reckelesse *Impudency* taketh possession, leaueth not very hastily to be dispossessed. I was saying: what say you, to a Spring of rankest *Villany* in February: and a Hartiest of ripest *Diuinity* in May? May they not surcease to wonder, that wonder how Machiauell can teach a Prince *to be*, and *not to be* religious? An other question, or two of a sharper edge, were at my tounges end. But what should we hereafter talke any-more of *Paradoxes*, or *impossibilities*, when He, that penned the most desperate and abominable Pamflet of *Straunge Newes*, and disgorged his stomacke of as poisonous rancour, as euer was vomited in Print; within few moneths is won, or charmed, or inchaunted, (or what *Metamorphosis* should I terme it?) to astonish carnall minders with spirituall meditations, vpon one of the most sacred and godfull arguments, that the holyest deuotion could admire, in the profoundest *traunce of rapt and Seraphicall Zeale*? I will not stay to maruell at the miracles of predominant Causes: the

Holy-ghoſt is an omnipotent Spirite, that can mollifie the flyntyeſt minde, and breath a ſoule of Heauen into a hart of Hell. If vnfaynedly he hath ſtripped-of the ſnakes skinne, and put-on the *new man*, as he deuoutly pretendeth; let him be conſtant, and not blaſpheme his moſt-reuerend Sauiour with counterfait Teares: if he playeth at faſt, and looſe, (as is vehemently ſuſpected, by ſtrong preſumptions) whom ſhall he cunnycatch, or crosbite, but his Caſt-away ſelfe, as holly, as a holly-hocke? But I thanke God, I haue ſome-thing elſe to diſpute: and if young Apuleius be not ſtill the ſonne of old Apuleius, and Pierce ſtill as diuine, as a wilde Vine, I haue ſaid nothing: but commend the ſweet art of relenting Humanity, and embrace the good nature of a good Nature, that ſheddeth the pure Teares of Repentance. The more notorious the offence, and the more *vnſatisfiable* the *Iniurie* was; the more fauorable, and liberall he is, that with honeſt termes, and reaſonable conditions may eaſely be entreated to pardon theſame; that is, to beſtow a great benefit in ſteade of a great reuenge, and to looſe the exerciſe of many weekes, to gaine the recouery of one *loſt ſonne*. The beſt is, I am not yet a Fly in the cobweb of the Spider: and in a mating age, none are free from the check, but kinges. Or if kinges peraduenture finde themſelues ſomewhat ſhrewdly mated, alas we poore ſubiectes muſt be content to be checked: & may dayly learne of our betters, to ſmoother with patience, that we cannot quench with order, and will not extinguiſh with diſorder. Socrates profeſſed nothing: and I profeſſe leſſe then Socrates: yet this I profeſſe. He that neither cockereth himſelfe, nor loueth to be lulled, or ſmoothed-vp of freindes; can lightly put-vp the heauieſt loade of an enemy: and he can hardly be daunted

with

with nipping wordes, that is not eaſely diſmayed with pinching deedes. An *vnguiltie minae* knoweth not what the *trembling of the Hart* meaneth: and a *ſounae Conſcience* is a braſen wall againſt the maineſt battry of Spite, or Feude. Were there no other Philoſophie, but *Experience*, and a ſettled reſolution to proceede according to *Reaſon* in generall, and *Occaſion* in ſpeciall: euery guiltleſſe eye that ſeeith any thing, ſeeith his owne *Confirmation* in the *Confutation* of his guiltie aduerſary: whoſe Vaine *railinges* are ſibbe to other *Vanities*, that cannot endure, but either Vaniſh like ſmoke in the Ayer; or meelt-away like ſnow in the Sunne; or grow ſtale like diſguiſed faſhions; or diſſolue themſelues into their *materiam primam*, that is, into Vanitie, & ſhame. Had I founde any one materiall article, or ſubſtãtiall point againſt me, I muſt haue imputed ſome part of the blame to miſelfe: but finding nothing in all thoſe peſtilent & Virulent ſheetes of waſt-paper, but meere-meere forgeryes, and the *Diuell in the horologe*; might I not iuſtly ſay? I haue cauſe to vſe, as I am vſed: or haue I not reaſon to ſtand vpon termes of conſideration? Did I not intende to deale a bountifull almes of Curteſie, who in my caſe would giue eare to the Law of *Oblivion*, that hath the Law of *Talion* in his handes; or accept of a ſilly recantation, as it were a ſory plaiſter to a broken ſhinne, that could knocke Malice on the head, and cut the windpipe of the railing throate? *Pierces Supererogation*, (that was an arrow in my hãd, a clogg in your,) is left beholding to the penknife: *Naſhes S. Fame* hath ſomewhat more of the launcelet: the Reply of *the excellent Gentlewoman* is the fine raſour, that muſt ſhaue-away euery ranke haire of his great courage, and little wit. I was long-ſince aweary with beating the Aier; and take ſmall pleaſure in waſhing the Aſſes head: or what ſhould I terme

that booteleſſe, and irkſome buſineſſe? But it is that heauenly Creature (for ſo ſhe will approue herſelfe) that can coniure-downe the mouth of Villany into hell-mouth; & will do it as reſolutely, as ſhe can do it peremptorily, Vnleſſe a cõpetent ſatisfaction be ſpeedily tendered to my cõtentmẽt. It were pitty, that diuine handy-worke ſhould be employed but to a diuine peece of ſeruice, either to gaine a relenting ſoule, or to caſt-away an obſtinate body. If ſhe be preuented by a voluntary ſubmiſſion of the offendour; to do a thing done, were a ſuperfluous labour; and to vndo a man vndone, an vnmercifull cruelty. A thing as contrary to the ſhining louelineſſe of her milde diſpoſition, as the bittereſt bitter ſeemeth repugnãt to the ſweeteſt ſweet. The *braueſt man* is ſuch a perſonage, as I haue elſewhere deſcribed: A *Lion* in the field, A *Lamme* in the towne: A Ioues *Eagle* in feude, an Apollos *Swanne* in ſociety: A *Serpent* in wit, A *Doue* in life: A *Fury* in execution, an *Angell* in conuerſation. What hath the braueſt man, that ſhe hath not: excepting the Lion in the field of Mars, which ſhe hath in the field of Minerua: whoſe warre ſhe wageth with a couragious minde, an inuincible hand, and the *cunning aray* of the worthy Old-man in Homer. His *talke* was ſweet; his *Order* fine; and his whole *menage* braue: and ſo is hers: but for a dainty *wit*, and a diuine *humanitie*, ſhe is ſuch a Paragon, as may compare with the excellenteſt of Homers women, and pledge the honorableſt of his Goddeſſes. She is a right birde of *Mercuries winged chariot:* and teacheth the liuelyeſt cockes of the game, to beſturre them early, to crow gallantly, to march comely, to fight valiantly, to conſort kindly, and to liue in any eſtate honorably. No flower more flouriſhing, then her *witt:* no fruite more mature then her *iudgement*. All her conceits are illuminate

with

with the light of *Reason*: all her ſpeaches bewtified with the grace of *Affabilitie*: all her writinges ſeaſoned with the ſalt of *Diſcretion*: all her ſentéces ſpiced with wittines, perfumed with delight, tẽpered with proffit: no leauen of *Experience* more ſauory, thẽ all her platformes, & actions: nothing more mellow, thẽ the whole courſe of her life. In her minde there appeareth a cenaine heauenly *Logique*: in her tongue, & pen, a diuine *Rhetarique*: in her behauiour, a refined *Morall Philoſophie*: in her gouernemẽt, a ſoucrain *Policy*: in euery part of her proceeding a ſingular *dexteritie*: & what patterne of *skill*, or *Practiſe*, more admirable then the whole? Let it not ſeeme incredible, that ſhall enact & accõpliſh more, thẽ is ſignified. The maner of her *wrath*, or *diſdaine*, (yet I beleeue, ſhe was neuer froward with any, nor euer angry but with *One*; whõ onely ſhe ſcorneth, & before whõ ſhe neuer contemned any,) is ſomwhat like the counter-tenour of an offended Syren; or not much vnlike the progreſſe of the reſplẽdent Sunne in the Scorpion. Her *fauour* is liker triacle for the hart, thẽ ypocraſe for the mouth: her *diſfauour* like the Moone withdrawing the cheerely beames of her bounteous light in a cloud: her *hatred* (if ſhe can hate, for I verily thinke ſhe neuer hated, but One) like the flaſhing weapon of the fiery Aier. She is not lightly moued: but what ſhe reſembleth, or repreſenteth, when ſhe is moued, could I as viſibly declare, as ſhe cã vigorouſly vtter, I would deeme miſelf a peece of an Oratour. And I were more then Tullyes perfect Oratour, if I could diſplay her excellent perfections, whoſe minde is as full of ritch giftes, and precious Iewells, as Newyeares-day. Yet her goodlieſt ornament, and greateſt wonder, is the *ſweete humilitie* of that braue courage. But in remembring her, I forget miſelf: & what a tedious Letter is here for him, that

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maintaineth a chargeable family by following his buſineſs? Had I not found you deſirous of ſome particularities touching *Naſhes S. Fame*, & the *Gentlewomans Reply*, when you deliuered vnto me *Pierces Supererogation* in Print: I had diſpatched ere now. But now you muſt lend me patience, vntill I haue disbalaſed my minde. Cõcerning her *endighting*, whereof I haue already giuẽ you a taſt, or ſmacke in *Pierces Supererogatiõ*: as in the harmony of her mind, ſo in the melody of her *Verſe*, I ſeldome or neuer deſcry any note out-off tune: and it is not the firſt time I haue termed her *Proſe*, the tinſell of fineſt Art, and ſweeteſt nature. What notes I finde aboue Ela in the One: & what counterpoints of exquiſite workemanſhip I admire in the other: it ſhall elſewhere appeare, in a Dialogue, intituled *Pandora*, or the *Mirrour of ſingularitie*. Might I ſee the *fineſt Art*, and the *ſweeteſt nature* in perſon, I would report me to the Cenſure of their owne ſouerain mouthes; the beſt Iudges in their owne peerleſſe faculty. There falleth not a *ſentence* from her quill, without ſappe, and pith: and euery *Periode* of her ſtile carrieth marmalad and ſucket in the mouth: and euery *argument* of her inuention, ſauoreth of moſt ſauory reaſon. No chaine ſo linked, as her *Concluſions*: nor any Criſtall ſo cõſpicuous, as her *Method*. Her whole *diſcourſe*, is the creame of the milke; the combe of the hony; the iuice of the grape: & the marrow of the bone. The *beſtowing of her perfections* at occaſion, a dainty choice, & fine, marſhalling of euery excellency, curiouſly ſorted in their proper places: like the gorgeous *wardrobe of Helena*, or the precious *Iewellhouſe of Cleopatra*, or the cunning *ſtillhouſe of Medea*, or the comely diſtributing of the *neateſt and gallanteſt furniture* in the ritcheſt Oeconomy. What needeth more? *Her beginning*, like the pureſt Oile in the crowne of the middeſt

of

of the rondelet: *her proceeding*, like the ſoueraineſt wine in the butt: *her ending*, like the ſweeteſt hoony in the bottome of the hoony-pot. Her *intention* was defenſiue, not offenſiue: and had any thing bene tolerable in that ſcurrilous and villanous declamation, aſſuredly ſhe would a thouſand times rather haue excuſed the matter, then accuſed the maker. *Humanity*, is euer willinger to loue, then to hate, & ſo is ſhe: *Curteſie*, much forwarder to commend, then to diſpraiſe; and ſo is ſhe: *Clemencie*, infinitly proner to abſolue, then to condemne, and ſo is ſhe. For ſhe is a perſonall Humanity, a meere Curteſie, and a Clemencie incorporate. But when ſhe ſawe the fowle mouth ſo ſhamefully runne-ouer, without all reſpect of *manners*, or regard of *honeſtie*, or pretence of *Truth*, or colour of *Reaſon*: *Gentlemen*, quoth She, *though I lacke that you haue, the Art of Confuting; yet I haue ſome ſuddes of my mother witt, to ſowſe ſuch a Diſh clowte in*: and if ſowſing will not ſerue the turne, I may hap finde a payre of Pinſons, as ſharply cõceited, as S. Dunſtõs tonges, that led the Diuell by the noſe Autem, vp and downe the houſe, till the roaring beaſt bellowed out like a bull-beggar. And as for his terrible crackes of *Gunpowder termes*, neuer lend credit to the word of A Gentlewoman, if I make not old *mother-Gunpowder* of the neweſt of thoſe *ratling babyes*. And if ſteeping in *Aqua fortis*, will infuſe courage into his *goſe-quill*; why man, I will dowſe thee ouer head, and eares in ſuch a dowty *Collyrium*; as will inſpire the Picture of *Smuffe*, *and Fury*, into the Image of *S. Patience*. I haue not bene ſquattering at my papers for nothing: and albeit I cannot paint with my pen, like fine *Sappho*, yet I can dawbe with my incke, like none of the *Muſes*: and am prettily prouided to interteine *S. Fame* with a homely gallimaufry of *little Art*, to requite

her dainty ſlaumpaump of *little wit*. A poore kitchin may be as good an Artiſt for the ſtomacke, as a poore dairy: (alas, that euer S. Fame ſhould be ſo whitled): and it ſhall go hard in my Cookery, but the *ſillibub of his ſtale Inuention* ſhalbe wellcommed with a *ſupping of a new faſhion*, & ſome ſtraunge firrupe in cõmendam of his meritorious workes. Though a *railer* hath more learning, thẽ a *ſhrew*: yet *Experiẽce* hath a fillip for a Scholler: *Diſcretion* a tuck for a foole: *Honeſty* a bobb for a K: & my *morter*, a peſtle for Aſſa fetida. Let him be the *Falanta downe-didle* of Ryme; the *Hayho-halliday* of Proſe; the *Walladay* of new writers; the *kut throate* of his aduerſaries; the *gallowes* of his companions; the onely *broker* of Pamflets; or what he can for his ſweltring hart: my *battring inſtrument* is reſolute, and hath vowed to bray the braying creature to powder. We muſt haue at leaſt *three Peccauies* of Pierce Penniles; and *three Miſereres* of the Confuting Toſpot: or Lord haue mercy vpon thee, *three thouſand times-wofull wight*. I am loth to ſtruggle for the *Moone-ſhine in the pudled water*: but if we muſt needes buckle for niſles, & grapple for naughtes; though I cannot tell, whither I can bounſe him, like a bartie doore, or thumpe him, like a drumme of Fluſhing: yet I may chaũce rattle him, like a baby of parchment, or kneade him like a cake of dowe, or chearne him like a diſh of butter, or girke him like a hobling gig, or tatter him like a thing forſpokẽ, or ſomeway haue my *Penny-worthes* of his *Penniles witt*. Nay, if the *Princock* muſt be playing vpon them, that can play vpõ his warped ſconce, as vpon a tabor, or a fiddle: let himſelfe thãke himſelfe, if he be kindly thummed. Sirrha, I will ſtãpe an *vnknowne grape*, that ſhall put the mighty *Burdeux grape* to bed: & may peraduẽture broach a new *Tun of ſuch nippitaty*, as with the very ſteame of the *nappy liquour*

will

will lullaby thy fiue wittes, like the ſences of the drunkeneſt ſot, when his braynes are ſweetlieſt perfumed. I fit thee with a Similitude for thy capacity: or belch a new Confutation againſt the long tongues of the *Stilliarde*, and ſome twenty *Tauernes in London*. I could be content, a *drunken Proſe*, and a *mad Ryme*, were thy deadlyeſt ſinnes. But they are ſweet youthes, that tipple their wittes with *quaffing of knauery*, and *carowſing of Atheiſme*. If there be no other iollityes at home, or braueries abroad; it is happy for them, that were borne with thoſe prizes in their throats. *And wellfare a frolicke Courage, that will needes be the Tower of Babylonian Conceit, and with a mightie Bullwarke of Supererogation glorioufly confounde itſelfe.*

The reſt of her ſpeaches, and writings, are to be recorded, or ſuppreſſed, as it pleaſeth the Horne of theſe pelting ſturres: who may haply finde the Trompet of *Peace*, as ſuer a Souldiour in caſe of neceſſary defence, as the Drumme of *Warre*, or the Swaſh of *Feude*. Some that haue peruſed eloquent bookes, and reſearched moſt curious writinges, haue not ſeene goodlier variety of verniſhed phraſes, and burniſhed ſentẽces, then in her ſtile: which was not ſo gorgeouſly decked, and ſo fairely limned for nought. Howbeit as in ſome publique cauſes, better a miſchief, then an inconuenience: ſo in many priuate caſes *better an inconuenience, then a miſchief*. Though an Orient Gemme be precious, and worthy to be gazed vpon with the eye of Admiration, yet better an Orient Gemme ſleepe, then a Penitent mã periſh: and better a delicate peece of Art ſhould be layd aſide, or vnwouen like Penelopes web, then an immortal peece of Nature be caſt away. She loueth not to confute, that confuteth itſelfe: & I hate to confound, that confoundeth himſelfe. She in the Court of Ciuility hath

learned, to embrace *amẽdement* with the armes of *Curteſie*: and I in the ſchoole of Diuinity am taught, to kiſſe *repentaunce* with the lippes of *Charitie*. I affect not any colourable inſinuation, in gloſing or ſmoothing termes of formall accord: but miſery accompany my actions, and the mercy of heauen be my vnmercifull enemy, if I deſire not with a longing hart, to wreake my teene vpon wilde vndiſcretiõ by requiting *good for bad*, & conuerting the wormewood of iuſt offence into the angelica of pure attonement. The onely reaſon of my demurrer, is my *aſſurance*: which conſiſteth rather in *diffidence*, then in *credulitie*, and cannot warrantiſe itſelfe what will be done, vntill it is done. He were very ſimple, that hauing ſo heauy cauſes of diffidẽce, and ſo light cauſes of credulity, would runne haſtily into the trapp, or ſuffer himſelfe to be preſently intangled in the ſnare. *Parly* is a ſuttle Sophiſter: *Flattery* a tickling ſollicitour: and *Perſuaſion* an inchaunting witch. I cannot but liſten vnto them with an itching eare, and conceiue as it were a tang of pleaſure in mine owne diſpleaſure: but without *Legem pone*, wordes are winde, and without actuall performance, all nothing. Had I not more Premiſſes of diſtruſt, then promiſes of truſt; or were he not euer to be *preſumed* a bad fellow, that hath once played the bad fellow with a witneſſe, (nothing but *contrary proofe* can reuerſe that iudgement): yet Lawyers loue *reall cautions*: and they that would be loth to be enticed by white, and defeated by blacke, are curious of their ſecurity. *Truce* was euer a redoubtable freind: & *Suſpicion* hath cauſe to looke vpon *Reconciliation* with a iclous eye. *Reconciliatiõ* is a ſweet word: but entire Reconciliation a rare thing, & a ſtrange reſtoratiue: whoſe ſweetneſſe lyeth not in the tip of the tongue, or in the nob of the pen, but in the bottome of the *hart*, & in

the

the bowells of the *minde*; the minde that daily emproueth itſelfe, the onely deepe Polititian, & inſcrutable hypocrite. Whoſe inwardeſt ſecrets notwithſtanding, are not ſo profound, or cloſe, eſpecially in the ſhallow breſt of inconſiderate youth, but they may in ſort be ſounded, & diſcouered by a cunning obſeruation of Circumſtãces. Some eſſentiall points I reſerue to miſelfe: but M. Wolfe knoweth, & who knoweth not? great *Penmen*, and Pamflet-marchants play much vpon the aduantage of the *time*, and care not who be their enemy, ſo the *Terme* be their frend. Which of vs can tell, but *there* may lye the drift, & great Pollicy of the new motion? I haue earneſtly, and inſtantly craued perſonall conference: but that ſhould ſeeme to make little for his purpoſe; or might haue bene graunted with leſſe ſuite. All muſt be done by the mediation of a third, and a fourth; and ſuch an intercourſe, as I may probably haue in ſome ielouſie, though I conceiue well of the interpoſed perſons. There hath already bene a large expence of *time*: & *charges* continually runne: & matters of *more importance* lye dead in the neaſt: & the *burned finger* hath reaſon to ſtartle from the fire: and he that hath bene *once abuſed*, would not willingly be abuſed twice: and *Security* cannot be too preciſe, or ſcrupulous: and I would there were no Cunnycatchers in London. Till *a publique iniurie* be publiquely confeſſed, and *Print* confuted in Print, I am one of S. Thomas diſciples: not ouer-preſt to beleeue, but as cauſe cauſeth: and very ready to forgiue, as effect effecteth. They that know the daunger of *Truces*, and the couen of *Treatyes*, vt ſupra, muſt begge leaue to ground their repoſe vpon more *cautels*, then one; and to proceede in termes of *ſuſpence*, or *Pauſe*, till they may be reſolued with infallible *aſſurance*. For mine owne determination, I ſee no credible hope of

Peace, but in *Warre:* and could I not commaunde, that I desire; I am persuaded, I should hardly obteine, that I wish. I loue *Osculum Pacis*; but hate *Osculum Iudæ:* and reuerence the *Teares of Christ*; but feare the *Teares of the Crocodile*. Shall I be a little plaine? Methinkes the raunging Eyes vnder that lõg haire, (which some would call ruffianly haire) should scarsely yet be bathed in the heauenly Teares of Christ, or washed in the diuine Teares of Penitence. *Irish haire*, and *weeping Irish* are no white Crowes in these countryes: and although there be no Wolfes in England, yet there be *Foxes in the hole*. I would be loth to aggrauate the least, or greatest particular against a Penitentiall soule: but still to haunt infamous, or suspected houses, tauernes, lewd company, and riotous fashions, as before, (for to this day his behauiour is no turnecoate, though his stile be a changeling) is a greater liberty in my small diuinity, then accordeth with that deuoute, and most holy-holy profession. Lord, how curious was the wiser sort euen of the heathen Philosophers, in the neat, & exquisite choice of their pure diet, vndefiled society, Virgin manners, Vnstained discourses, and vnspotted actions? What so clarified, as their witt: so purified, as their minde: so sweetened, as their conference: so vertuous, as their instruction: so powrefull, as their experiments: so exemplary, as their life: so vnblemished, as their fame? I know not, who weeped the Funerall Teares of Mary Magdalene: I would he that sheddeth the Patheticall Teares of Christ, & trickleth the liquid Teares of Repentance, were no worse affected in pure deuotion, then those Philosophers in morall Conuersation. Were I not content, in some little hope of his finall recouery either in deede, or in shewe; to do him a meritorious fauour by concealing his vtter discredit: I could easily, and would noto-

notoriously, make him ashamed of some his late Sayings, and Doinges: ô Lord, how Vnbeseeming the Teares of Christ: & Alas, how likely to forerunne a miserable destiny? Let him reforme his publique, & redresse his priuate enormities, & with a sincere vowe I sweare him frendship: or let him rest quiet, & I am quiet. Otherwise I may possibly be induced, to pay him home with an immortall reuēge, that hath plagued his own tōgue with desperate *blasphemies in iest:* ô Christ, of how horrible cōsequence, without *Teares in earnest?* There is a great distance betwixt Hell, and Heauen: the Diuell, and God: Rakehells, and Saincts: the *Supplication to the Diuell*, and the *Teares of Christ:* the *Straunge Newes* of Villany, and the miraculous Newes of Repentance: the Herald of Warre, and the Ambassadour of Peace: the publique Notary of Lyes, and the Register of Truth: the *Diuels Oratour*, and *Christes Chauncellour*. Though *Greene* were a Iulian, and *Marlow* a Lucian: yet I would be loth, *He* should be an Aretin: that Paraphrased the inestimable bookes of Moses, and discourssed the Capricious Dialogues of rankest Bawdry: that penned one Apology of the diuinity of Christ, and another of Pederastice, a kinde of harlatry, not to be recited: that published the Life of the blessed Virgin, and the Legende of the Errant Putana: that recorded the history of S. Thomas of Aquin, and forged the most detestable Blacke-booke, *de tribus Impostoribus mundi*. O monster of extremityes; and ô abomination of outragious witt. It was his glory, to be a *hellhounde incarnate*, and to spoile Origen of his egregious praise: *Vbi benè, nemo melius: vbi malè, nemo peius*. Some surmounting spirites loue to arreare a huge opinion of their excessiue validity *pro*, or *contra*. *Hyperbolicall Vertues* (it is Aristotles Epithite) are heauenly miracles:

and *hideous Excellency* an heroicall wonder; like the Labours of Hercules, and the Bountyes of Errant Knightes: but *superlatiue knauery* is a ranke Villain; and *Vgly Blasphemy*, a foule Diuell, tormented with his own damnable mouth. It is not puffing, or blustring in bombasted termes, or Babilonian Phrases: but the fine and sweet *course of Vertue*, of industry, of Beaudesert, of Valour, of true brauery, that performeth worthy actions, and purchaseth the honour of the world. If *Humanity* will needes grow miraculous, it must flye with the wing of *Diuinity*, not flutter with the plume of *Atheisme*, or hoise the sayle of *Presumption*. Whosoeuer despiseth the *Maiestie of heauē*, or playeth the *Democritus in Goddes cause*; be his *wit* neuer so capon-crammed in *Vanity*, or his *hart* neuer so toade-swolne in *furquidry*: is the abiectest vermin, and Vilest padd, that creepeth on the Earth. If there be no such matter in the world, all the better: if there be, wo be to the *Autours of their own Confusion*: and blessed they, that take-forth a good lesson from other mens miscarriage. Happy, and ten thousand times happy that inspired *Heraclitus*, that powreth-out the *most-tender affectionate Teares* of Christ, with the flowing eyes of *Zeale*, and the melting eloquence of his *bowells*. Other Oratory would be feeid, as it perswadeth; or thanked, as it edifieth; or honored, as it rauisheth harts with a powrfull impression; or admired, as it stealeth soules with a diuine sacriledge. He is the perfect Oratour, that figureth and representeth euery thing in *Art*, as it is in *Nature*: that dispatcheth light points roundly; handeleth weightier matters more substantially; in the graueſt subiect proceedeth with due reuerence; and of faith discourseth faithfully, of heauen heauēly, of diuinity diuinely, of Christ like Christ. *Dalliance* in the sageſt, and highest causes, is an absurdity,

and

and like a ridiculous Vice in a Tragedy, or a poisonous Serpent in Paradise. *Non est bonum, ludere cum Sanctis: cum Christo ludere, execrabile.* *Aretin* was a reprobate ruffian: but euen *Castilio*, and *Machiauel*, that were not greatly religious in conscience, yet were religious in pollicy: & there is no kingdome, or Commonwealth vpon Earth, so prophane, or barbarous, but either in conscience is, or in Pollicy seemeth religious, or cannot possibly maintaine any durable state. I would euery Autour, that hath done no better, had done no worse: and it were to be wished, that some desperate wittes were not so forward, to dis-bowell the intrails of their owne impious mindes. *Plinyes*, and *Lucians* religion may ruffle, and scoffe awhile: but extreme *Vanitie* is the best beginning of that brauery, and extreme *Miserie* the best end of that felicity. *Greene*, and *Marlow* might admonish other to aduise themselues: and I pray God, the promised Teares of Repentance, proue not the Teares of the Onion vpon the Theater. If I knew no more, then I vtter; I would hope no lesse, then I wish: but hearing what I heare, & conceiuing what I conceiue, I would be vnfainedly glad, he should exceede my expectation: and when he hath resolued my incredulity with a little actuall performance, I will not faile to render him right, with extensiue fauour. For my particular, let his professed *Penitence* appeare, by any reasonable, or tolerable satisfaction, without fraude, or collusion: and I am no way rigorous in reuenge, or obstinate in displeasure. Meane-while it is haply not amisse, to consider by the way, that *Truth* begetteth hatred, *Vertue* Enuy, *Familiaritie* contempt, *Fauour* pride, *Pardon* recklesnesse, and *Credulitie* damage, or daunger. A straunge case, that so good Moothers should bring forth so bad daughters: but *Improbitie*, or *Iniquitie*,

(or what ſhould I terme that naughty humour?) is the *fifth Element of the world:* and *Conſultation* were better to ſit ſately betweene *Yea*, and *No*, then to fall ſuddainly with a haſty *No*, or to ſtand weakely with a ſimple *Yea*. My *affection* is ready to ſubſcribe to any indifferent articles of *accorde:* (for *bona fide* I affect agreement) but my *Reaſon* hath reaſon to pawſe awhile; and a ſcruple, or two of ſome depẽdence, may ſeeme to ſay *No*. But euen thoſe two Negatiues, (vpon a firme, & Vndefeaſible ſecurity, *ſine dolo malo*,) would be conformable enough, to conclude an Affirmatiue; and will not ſticke at any Tranſaction, or Compoſition, that is not Vnreaſonable. To make ſhort, (for no Iett, or Loadſtone ſo attractiue, as Lines, that draw vnto them ſo many ſelfe-offering ſentences: and I haue already vnmeaſurably exceeded my ſtint) he that longeth to enioy the fruite of *priuate amitie*, and *publique fauour*, haſteth not to embrace the bloſſome, or to dote vpon the ſhaddow. His onely finall requeſt, and affectionate prayer is, that howſoeuer poore men be vſed, the deare *Teares of Chriſt*, and the cheape *Teares of Repẽtãce*, be not abuſed. All is well, that endeth effectually well: & ſo in ſome haſt he endeth, that wiſheth you entirely well: and for your inſtruction can aſſure you, he needeth not ſend to Athens for hony, or to Spaine for ſugar, or to Italy for Anniſeedes, or to the Orient for ſaunders, or pearles; that may finde as fine, and dainty choice, neerer hand. I can ſay nothing for miſelfe, whoſe date is expired: but I dare aſcertaine you, three drops of the Oyle of roſes, or three drops of the Mercury of Bugloſſe, will enſtrengthen the braine, or comfort the hart more, then ſix, and ſix ounces of their common ſirrups. A greater difference betwixt artificiall, and rude ſtiles; refined, and droſſy wittes; skilfull, and ignorant

iudge-

iudgements; auailable, and vnprofitable workes; I com
mende to the consideration of the Presse, with a right-h
ty Farewell. This 16. of September. 1593. Your assure
wherein he may pleasure you, *Gabriell Harvey.*

Sonet.

Gorgon, or the wonderfull yeare.

Sir Fame *disposd to cunnycatch the world,*
Vprear'd a wonderment of Eighty Eight:
The Earth *addreading to be ouerwhurld,*
What now auailes, quoth She, my ballance weight?
The Circle smyl'd to see the Center feare:
The wonder was, no wonder fell that yeare.

Wonders enhaunse their powre in numbers odd:
The fatall yeare of yeares is Ninety Three:
Parma *hath kist;* De-maine *entreates the rodd:*
Warre wondreth, Peace and Spaine in Fraunce to s
Braue Eckenberg, *the dowty Bassa shames:*
The Christian Neptune, *Turkish* Vulcane *tames.*

Nauarre *wooes* Roome: Charlmaine *giues* Guise *the*
Weepe Powles, thy Tamberlaine *vouchsafes to dye.*

L'enuoy.

The hugest miracle remaines behinde,
The second Shakerley Rash-Swash to binde.

A *Stanza declaratiue*: to the Louers of admirable Workes.

Pleased it hath a Gentlewoman rare,
With Phenix quill in diamont hand of Art,
To muzzle the redoubtable Bull-bare,
And play the galiard Championesses part.
Though miracles surcease, yet Wonder see
The mightiest miracle of Ninety Three.

Vis consilij expers, mole ruit sua.

The Writers Postscript: or a frendly *Caueat* to the *Second Shakerley* of Powles.

Sonet.

SLumbring I lay in melancholy bed,
Before the dawning of the sanguin light:
When Eccho *shrill, or some* Familiar Spright
Buzzed an Epitaph *into my hed.*
Magnifique Mindes, bred of Gargantuas race,
In grisly weedes His Obsequies waiment,
Whose Corps on Powles, whose mind triúph'd on Kent,
Scorning to bate Sir Rodomont an ace.
I mus'd awhile: and hauing mus'd awhile,
Iesu, (quoth I) is't that Gargantua minde
Conquerd, and left no Scanderbeg *behinde?*
Vowed he not to Powles A Second bile?
What bile, or kibe? *(quoth that same early Spright)*
Haue you forgot the Scanderbegging wight?

Glosse

Gloſſe.

Is it a Dreame? or is the Higheſt minde,
That euer haunted Powles, or hunted winde,
Bereaſt of thatſame ſky-ſurmounting breath,
That breath, that taught the Timpany to ſwell?
He, and the Plague *contended for the game:*
The hawty man extolles his hideous thoughtes,
And glorioufly inſultes vpon poore ſoules,
That plague themſelues: for faint harts plague themſelues.
The tyrant Sickneſſe of baſe-minded ſlaues
Oh how it dominer's in Coward Lane?
So Surquidry rang-out his larum bell,
When he had girn'd at many a doleſull knell.
The graund Diſſeaſe diſdain'd his toade Conceit,
And ſmiling at his tamberlaine contempt,
Sternely ſtruck-home the peremptory ſtroke.
He that nor feared God, nor dreaded Diu'll,
Nor ought admired, but his wondrous ſelfe:
Like Iunos gawdy Bird, that prowdly ſtares
On glittring ſan of his triumphant taile:
Or like the vgly Bugg, that ſcorn'd to dy,
And mountes of Glory rear'd in towring witt:
Alas: but Babell Pride muſt kiſſe the pitt.

L'enuoy.

Powles ſteeple, *and a* hugyer thing *is downe:*
Beware the next Bull-beggar *of the towne.*

——————Fata immatura vagantur.

FINIS.

Errata.

Slight faultes are soone corrected, as that of, *fine marshalling*, without a Comme in the leafe C. or any the like: but in the same leafe there escaped a grose errour, to be corrected thus:

Her beginning, like the pureſt Oyle *in the crowne of the randalet: Her proceeding*, like the ſoueraineſt wine *in the middeſt of the Butt: Her ending*, like the ſweeteſt hoony *in the bottome of the hoony-pot.*